

Feathers of a Raven

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Feathers of a Raven

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Summary

A plane crashes onto an island, and a memory burns strong in Raven's mind.

Prologue

Rain is pouring down onto the roof of my car, and no light is pouring in. Just the moonlight, streetlights, and gas stations are illuminating anything.

I make my stop, and start to fill up my car, staring up at the stars, feeling the breeze, half asleep.

"You can't leave me here alone! I don't have anyone else, please!" I heard a lady cry out in the front of the building.

"I can't deal with you anymore! You don't understand how much it hurts!" The man shot back.

"Please, please, please! You can't leave me! I can't be alone again, please!" The lady said, starting to break.

The car that the man was in drove away. The lady just stood there for a moment, being drenched by the rainwater. Then, slowly, she started walking across the sidewalk, just as my gas tank was filled.

Damnit, why the Hell do I have to be so nice? I drove up next to her, and rolled down my window.

"Need a lift?" I asked. She smiled.

A Tale of a Fateful Trip

“I wish they had already built Nintendo World.” Noah said, to nobody in particular, staring out the window of the plane.

“At least there’s Harry Potter stuff.” Jackson said.

Willow sat next to Ember, reading with her as they flew over Florida. Raven sat separated from her friends, and her brother Jack, but still close by.

The group had collectively raised enough money to finally take a proper trip together, one that wasn’t just going to school, going to work, or attending a funeral. Something fun, all for all five of them, not something depressing for once.

Noah started drawing a picture of Voldemort as Jack watched. Noah had been getting over his shyness and anxiety the past few years. He had to, because of the store the two of them worked at. They were both becoming adults, and the two of them had to accept change. Willow and Ember, meanwhile, worked together on a lumberjack business. Perfect branding, completely coincidental.

Jack wanted to live. Noah wanted to express himself. Willow was better at not drifting into her own mind. Ember wasn’t being as rude as she used to, with the help of Willow. Raven? Well...she’s there for her brother more than she used to be.

Everything was cooooooooool.

BOOM

“Uh, uh...attention all, uh, there’s...there was an...GOD, SHIT, EVERYBODY JUMP, WE’RE GOING INTO THE FUCKING OCEAN-” The pilot frantically rambled into the speaker.

People were screaming, bodies were piling out the windows and the back, and the plane was shaking and tilting downwards...

Jack just sat there, accepting his death. So did Raven. Noah was shaking, having a panic attack. Willow was doing the same. Ember was trying to rip parachutes out of people’s hands.

Somehow, everyone had left the plane but the five of them. Then, the plane crashed.

Desert

“SUPPLIES, WE NEED SUPPLIES! COME ON!” Ember shouted at the group.

They had landed on the beach of a deserted island. Jack, being named Jack, had stopped himself from making several Lost jokes already.

They laid out all of their bags, and didn't find much. Some clothes, some (close to dying) phones with no signal, a few snacks, some hygiene products...nothing especially helpful.

Jack was hugging Noah. Willow was finishing writing SOS out of twigs on the beach, as Ember instructed. Ember was looking for something sharp and solid. Raven...?

“Where is Raven?” Jack asked. Nobody seemed to know, but they had seen her earlier. They all thought she just must have wandered off. She usually did that, and Jack said so himself. Nobody wanted to think about yet another stressful topic.

“YESSSSS!” Ember screamed, running back to the group in a hurry. She slammed down pieces of flint and steel onto the beach triumphantly in front of the three of them.

“It was just lying there in the grass.” She said, confused, but enthusiastic.

“Just lying there?” Jack repeated, thinking aloud.

“I don't have any time to question it. We need to make a shelter. Stop standing around, it's getting late! Hurry up while I make a fire.” She demanded.

They eventually put together a little shelter, from toppled over trees, some grass for beds, to other various materials they managed to find. Not nearly close to perfect, but it'd do its job. They also found some coconuts, some kale, and some kiwis. They also quickly found a source of drinking water. It was very, very lucky how much they managed to find.

“This is weird.” Jack said, sitting around a campfire with everyone, as it was getting dark. “Everything is just being handed to us.”

“Not everything. We still can't go fishing.” Ember noted.

Just then, a hand landed on Ember's shoulder. She jumped, darted to stand up, and saw Raven, handing a fishing rod that she had seemingly made herself, to Ember.

“SEE?” Jack said, a little manically.

“Thank you Raven.” Ember said, taking it. Raven smiled back. She couldn't speak, so this was as much as Ember was going to get. “I wouldn't question it.” Ember finished.

“This isn't the weirdest thing that's happened to us.” Willow noted.

Jack sighed, and sat there, outnumbered. It was silent for a moment.

Noah reached into the sand, and drew a hashtag shape, before drawing a circle in the middle square.

Jack smiled at him. He drew an x at the middle right. Eventually...

00-

-OX

-X-

“Damn it.” Jack said, with a smile, rubbing away the game with his hand in the sand, completely forgetting what he was talking about.

Five Passengers

“They’re sandcastles.” Noah said.

“WHY ARE YOU MAKING SANDCASTLES RIGHT NOW?” Ember shouted.

“What else are we supposed to be doing?” Jack questioned.

“Uh...I don't know...making a raft?” Ember said.

“We’ll probably just be stuck here forever like on Lost. Is that what happens? I’ve never finished it.” Jack said.

Ember sighed, and started to walk into the woods, grabbing Willow’s hand, and dragging her along.

“Those two.” She said, with an annoyed gravel in her voice. Willow hesitated.

“I think they’re just waiting for someone to rescue us. We’re not that far off from Florida anyways. They had to know that a plane crashed near here.” She said, nervously, not wanting to upset Ember anymore than she already was.

“I just think we should do everything we can to prepare for the worst case scena-” Ember stopped mid sentence.

Raven was standing in the middle of the woods, completely frozen.

“Uh, Raven? You okay over there?” Ember asked.

Raven fell to the ground without warning, shaking violently.

“RAVEN, RAVEN, PLEASE BE OKAY, PLEASE STOP-” Ember desperately pleaded, running up to her, and holding her. Willow’s eyes were full of intense dread and worry.

Raven’s eyes slid back into her skull forever, her body, like a ragdoll.

Raven

Where am I?

Why is everything so soft?

Why do I feel so light?

Why isn't there any light?

Why can't I see my body?

All I can see is that swingset. That...damn swing set.

It had been a few weeks since the man had picked up Raven that day in the rain. A little breezy, a little dark, a little moody.

"Why do you have a swing set in your yard?" She questioned.

"Oh, this is my parent's old place. They uh, they kinda just left me here." He said.

"Mine too." She admitted.

A pause. They had a lot in common. The loneliness, the depression, the teenage angst...they felt so close in such a short time. She was finally happy. Someone she could be herself with. Someone she wasn't scared of losing.

"Wanna swing?" She asked him. He laughed.

"J..." He said, his nickname for her, short for Jayden...before her name was changed, later in her life.

"Come on, it'll be fun!" She insisted.

The two of them walked onto the swing seats, and started to go back and forth, higher and higher, laughing together, eventually slowing down.

"You know, honestly, I'm really glad we had this." The man said, passionately.

"I'm glad I have you too." She said.

"This was fulfilling, and it's made me so, so happy, finding someone like me, that understands me." He said.

"Okay you used past tense twice. Grammar police." She said, with a nervous laugh.

"Police me all you want, lovely, I used my grammar correctly." He said, laughing again.

"What do you mean?" She asked, nervously.

“You’ve given me everything I wanted, I can’t go any higher than this. I’ve done exactly what I want!” He said.

“Then...don’t you want to keep this going?” She asked, confused.

He sighed, still smiling.

“Someday, you’ll understand how hard these highs are to get. They’ll always end up leaving, like...like everyone else. I’m happy now, I’m happy, this is it. I’ll never be able to keep this. This is the end of it.” He rambled.

“Hey, baby, how about we go inside and calm down for a minute?” She suggested.

“No, NO! You aren’t listening!” He insisted, manically.

She got off the swing, and so did he. She got close to him, and continued to plead with him to come to his senses.

“I’m happy too, you can’t just break up with me like this, because you’re scared!” She whimpered.

He laughed.

He laughed again.

“Break up with you? No, no, no, no. This is the peak of my life, honey.”

He pulled out a gun from his jacket and shot himself in the head.

His warm, bleeding, lifeless body, so close to her. Her mind instantly burned the image of it into her brain, forever.

She was speechless, forever.

Four Passengers

“JACK! JACK!” Ember screamed running towards him. “YOUR SISTER IS UNCONSCIOUS.”

Jack shot up, and ran towards the direction where Ember and Willow emerged from. Her body laid there in the sand, motionless.

“HELICOPTER! HELICOPTER!” Noah suddenly shouted. All of them turned around quickly, looking into the air. There was, indeed, a helicopter coming down onto the beach of the island. Willow ran towards it, and Ember and Jackson held onto Raven’s body tightly, and walked as fast as they could towards the helicopter.

“So, she just...collapsed? With no warning?” Jack asked.

“She was shaking beforehand. I don’t know what to tell you. I’m sorry.” Ember repeated.

Jack sat on his living room couch, back at their home, back at...his home, now. He glanced at her old piano.

Silence.

He glanced down at the floor. He started to cry.

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